

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1855.

VOL. 5--NO 29.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.
Single copy, one year, \$2 50
Five copies, one year, 11 00
Ten copies, one year, 20 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For a square of 16 lines or less, first insertion
very subsequent one, 25 cents. Annual
advertisements made on favorable terms.
Office corner of Main and Road streets

POETRY.

GOOD-NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the ling'ring day,
In pleasure or delight;
Or after toil, and weary night,
Dost seek to rest at night.

Unto thy pains or pleasures past,
Add this one labor yet,
Ere sleep close up thine eyes at last,
Do not thy God forget.

But search within thy secret thought,
What deeds did thee befall;
And if thou findst in aught,
To God for mercy call.

Yes, though thou nothing find amiss,
Which thou canst call to mind;
Yet evermore remember this,
There is the more behind.

And think, how well so'er it be,
That thou hast spent the day;
I leave of God, and not of thee,
So direct thy way.

ONE HORSE POETRY.

After the manner of Moor.

By Silken's.
I've never thus from boyhood's days,
I've seen my brightest hopes depart—
Never bought a pair of Greys,
But they were sure to balk or start!

Never reared a pointer dog,
And strove to teach him well the word,
In what the pup would set a frog,
And lay—when told to flush the bird.

Never go to Anna's Bar,
To get one drink to quench my thirst,
I am sure to finger there,
And join the boys upon a burst!

Never walk the lamplit street,
And sing some song of bygone joys,
What a ruffian guard I meet,
Who bids me, "stop that devilish noise!"

Never leave a City Belle,
And deemed her breath with roses grown,
When I came to know her well,
I found she did not sniff with scorn!

MISCELLANEOUS.

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

A brace of legs, though considerably too
through a pair of mottled pants, and
tucked in a couple of the largest sized
trousers, which were encased in twin cowhide
gaiters, formed the underpinning to a
young, staidish boy, of otherwise generous
proportions—the whole being surmounted
by a head, which was covered with a grey
year old (at least) seal skin cap—his
sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes,
trousers and cap—was the property, by
possession, of Mr. Zenas Hunsman.
Zenas had been on a "beat" during the
last previous, and had squandered full
of a dollar in himself, in white-eye and
betting. But his returning senses
had him philosophical—and, on the
evening we speak of him, he stood, at an
early hour, in—Street, gazing mechanically
at the Telegraphic wire—soliloquizing,
thus:—
"That's the Telegraph—W—
—well, I don't perceive per—
—after that strings—on'y one's big—
—other—
—That's the light in the line, by 'em—
—in a media in the doorway, near by.
—When does she—ie—start?
—You'd better ask in that."
"What?"
"In the office, up there."
The loafer was shown to the door of the
building, and by hook or crook found his
way up three flights of stairs, into the Tele-
graphic office. The attendants enquired
of the gentleman had to forward?
"For?"—ie—what's she?
"What will you send?"
"Send what?"
"This is the Telegraphic office, Sir."
"Well—ie—wh'n thunder said it
was?"
"I suppose you had business, sir."
"Nuthin' o' the sort—ie—quite the re-
verse o' the contrary."
"What will you have?"
"I want to make some 'ie—quiries."
The hour being early and little doing
the clerks charitably determined upon some
time with the fellow, with a view of sobering
him. The opportunity for anything
gratuitous escaped them however—for as
they commenced a consultation upon the
best means to benefit the intruder, he stepped
up to one of the batteries, which hap-
pened fortunately, to be but lightly charged,
and concluding that the knobs were
portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead
and attempted to remove one of the
batteries; the next moment Zenas lay stretch-
ed upon the floor!

He arose, as best he could and turned
to the clerk, with—
"Look yere, Mister—ie—wot's yure—
name? I kin lick as many sich like skunks
as you as could be draw yer—fick—nock—
at! Wot in—ie—did yer—fick—nock—
an innocent man down that way fer?—Eh?"

"Nobody touched you?" said the clerk.
"They—they—ie—didn't!"
"No, Sir. You took the—"
"Look yere! Yere's yure contentible
copper—and, proceeding to dash a loose
penny towards the attendant which lay
upon the machine—his fingers came in
contact with the battery, and away he
went again, heels over head, across the
floor!

"Look yere!" continued the sufferer, who,
by this time, was well nigh sobered—"od
blast your infernal pictur, wot in thunder
are you about?"

"You musn't handle the tools—observed
the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.
"Look yere! Mr. Wot's your name—
ain't to be fooled this yere way, fer nuthin'—
I str—" By thunder! I'm an independ-
ent individual, I am—and this yere
nookin' people down without notice of no
kind, ain't the thing by—Eh you'll
open that yere door, I'll go out o' this, and
no questions asked."

"That's brass handle, Sir—"
"That brass handle?"
"Yes."

"I'm blowed if you do, though! This
child don't meddle with no more hard ware
in this trap no how."

The door was opened by the clerk, and
the fellow slid out. A suppressed laugh
pervaded the countenance of the attendant,
as Zenas departed—which, as the door
closed, vented itself in a broad haw-haw.

"You're a smart young gentleman—
you are!" bawled the loafer through the
keyhole, as he held the door fast with both
hands—"you're a very smart young man!
You'd like to get out o' that, and go to
your breakfast, bimby, may be? An' if
you do get any grub afore noon, jes let a
feller 'bout my size know it—jes let 'em
I'll teach yer to knock people down, simul-
taneously—for nuthin'—I will—and, from
the preparations making on the outside,
the prospect was that the 'insiders' were
to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. "He
disconnected the wire, and placing it in
contact with the knob of the door on the
inside, his companion let on the battery!"

The door flew open instantaneously, and
our valiant stranger with the seal skin cap
was discovered in the act of anti-triangu-
lar descent down stairs, the side of his
head scraping the paint from the edges of
the steps, and his legs, meantime, perform-
ing an involuntary promenade, which
would have done infinite credit to a French
dancing master!

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased
a bunch of lucifer matches the night be-
fore, which he had deposited in coat pocket.
In his progress down stairs, the
matches had become ignited, and by the
time he had reached the bottom of the first
flight, he had partially recovered from the
first effects of the shock—but the fluid
tingled through his veins, his coat tails
were on fire, and he was not "set forward"
in his imagination any, by this last effort
of his tormentors. He discovered the fire,
and presuming it was pared of the "cussid
invention," he sprang to his feet, and with
both hands bristling to work behind him for
the purpose of smothering the flame, which
was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles,
he "put" for the street door in a full gal-
lop!

"Fire! Fire! Help! yere! Oh! murd—
—fire! help!" shouted the victim, as he
darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at
a speed which the "lightnin' line" itself
might have been proud of. Luckily, a
square off, he discovered a servant, with a
horse attached to one of the hydrants, busi-
ly engaged in washing off the pavement.

He rushed to the spot, and turning short
before him—posterior—he begged him,
at the top of his voice, "for God's sake," to
"put him out!"

Perhaps his sable friend's eye didn't
glisten, and may be his "ivory" didn't
shine, as he charitably turned "the current
of that steam" upon the unmerciful
portion of that poor devil's nether limbs!

The fire was extinguished without serious
damage. As the papers say—the loafer was
thoroughly saturated—and having ex-
changed his "heavy inside wet" for a skin-
drenching, he departed, perfectly sober,
amidst the jeers of the crowd who had wit-
nessed the finale—most vociferously cursing
all improvements in magnetism and
combustibles.

From the London Punch.

LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GEN- TLEMAN.

This morning, November 11th, at half-
past 11 o'clock precisely, an unfortunate
young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, under-
went the extreme penalty of infatuation,
by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann
Gale, in front of the altar railings of St.
Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those
friends of the party who were at Jones's at
Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinck-
ney was there, and then first introduced to
Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to
direct particular attention—dancing with
her no less than six sets that evening, and
handing her things at supper in the most
devoted manner. From that period com-
menced the intimacy between them, which
terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his
twenty-eighth year; but there is no belief,
that for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his
single life would have come to an un-
timely end. A change for the better,
however, having occurred in his circum-
stances, the young lady's friends were in-
duced to sanction his addresses, and thus
became accessories to the course for which
he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the
last night of his bachelor existence in his
solitary chamber. From half-past eight
to ten he was engaged in writing letters.
Shortly after, his younger brother Henry
knocked at the door, when the doomed
youth told him to come in. On being
asked when he meant to go to bed, he re-
plied, "Not yet." The question was re-
peated, "Not yet?" He thought he would
sleep? To which he answered, "I don't

know." He then expressed his desire for
a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother,
who partook of the like refreshments, now
demanded if he would take anything more
that night. He said, "Nothing," in a
firm voice. His affectionate brother then
rose to take his leave, when the devoted
one consistently advised him to take care
of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to
seven the next morning, the victim of Cup-
id having been called, according to his
desire, he arose and promptly dressed him-
self. He had the self control to shave
himself, without the slightest injury, for
not even a scratch upon his chin appeared
after the operation. "It would seem he de-
voted a longer time than usual at his toi-
let."

The wretched man was attired in a light
blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a
white vest, nankeen trousers, with patent
boots. He wore around his neck a varie-
gated satin scarf, which partly concealed
the Corrazzo of the bosom. In front of
the scarf was inserted a breast pin of con-
spicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a
quick step, he entered the apartment where
his brother and sister, and a few friends,
awaited him. He then shook hands cordi-
ally with all present; and being asked
how he slept, answered, "Very well!"—
And to the further demand as to the state
of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party hereupon suggested that
it would be as well to take something
before the melancholy ceremony was gone
through; he exclaimed with some empha-
sis, "Decidedly." Breakfast was accord-
ingly served, when he ate a French roll,
a large roast, two sausages, and
drank three great breakfast cups of tea.

In reply to an expression of astonishment
on the part of a person present, he de-
clared that he had never felt happier in
his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascer-
tained that it was ten minutes of eleven,
he remarked that it would soon be over—
His brother then inquired if he could do
anything for him, when he said he would
take a glass of ale. Having drunk this he
appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he
devoted the remaining portion of his time
to distribute those little articles he was
no longer wanted. To one he gave his cigar
case; to another his tobacco stopper, and
to his brother Henry with his latch
key, with instructions to deliver it, after
all was over, with due solemnity, to the
"landlady." The clock at length struck
eleven, and at the same moment he was
informed that a cab was at the door. He
merely said—"I am ready," and allowed
himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into
which he got with his brother, his other
friends following on behind, in others.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short
but anxious delay of some moments took
place, after which they were joined by the
lady with her friends. Little was said on
either side; but Miss Gale, with customary
decorum, shed tears. Pinckney, endeavor-
ing to preserve decorum; but a slight
twitching in his mouth and eyebrows pro-
claimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now
been settled, and the prescribed necessary
formalities gone through, the usual ques-
tion was put—"Wilt thou have this woman
to be thy wife?" "I will!"

He then put the fatal ring on Miss
Gale's finger, the hymeneal noise was ad-
justed, and the poor fellow was launched
into—matrimony!

A RING PUZZLE.

At an evening party, an amusing ex-
periment was made by one of the company.
A group of five or six gentlemen and la-
dies formed, and a ring was produced,
and we, says the party from whom we got
this paragraph, were told by the owner
that if one of us would take it and put it
on any joint of any of our fingers during
his absence from the room, he would tell
us on his return who had got it, on what
finger and on what joint of the finger—
Our friend went out of the room, and on
coming back, and putting us through a
short questioning in our addition, sub-
traction, and multiplication tables, he dis-
covered the possessor, together with the
guilty finger and joint. Having satisfied
us that he did not derive his knowledge
from clairvoyance, or from any intercourse
with spirits good or evil, he kindly gave
us the following rules which we have
since tested ourselves, and have found cor-
rect in every single instance, except one,
when in a fit of abstraction, we added 2
and 10 together, and made 20. As
our readers may like to try the rule for
themselves, we give it to them without re-
serve—"When you have formed your
circle and are seated in order, you will call
yourself respectfully No. 1, No. 2, No. 3,
&c. Then first double the number of the
holder of the ring; add 5, and multiply
the sum by another 5. (Thus, supposing,
for example, the ring was in the hands of
No. 3, we should get 11 by addition, and
then by multiplication 55.) To this add
the number of the finger on which the
ring is, and as your sum now consists of
two figures, put the number of the joint
after the second. (Supposing the ring to
be on No. 3, 4th finger and second joint,
this will make 59, and when the joint is
added, 592.) From the sum thus made,
take away 250; and the three figures of
the remainder will show the holder, finger
and joint respectively. Thus, take 250
from 592 and the remainder 342 gives 3
for the holder, 4 the finger, and 2 the joint.

A CRITIC.—A good judge of paintings
was shown a picture, executed by a very
indifferent hand, but much commended,
and asked his opinion of it.

"Why, truly," said he, "the painter is a
very good one, and observes the Lord's
commandments."

"Why so?" asked one.

"Why, I think," answered he, "that he
hath not made to himself the likeness of
anything that is in heaven above, or that
is in the earth beneath, or that is in the
waters under the earth."

THE HAPPY MAN.

In walking down the street I found a
crack in my boot; and recollecting the old
adage, 'a stitch in time saves nine,' I pop-
ped into the first cobbler's shop I met to
get it mended. Unlooked for pleasures are
generally most relished, I had no idea of
meeting with a philosophical cobbler—
Pulling off the boot, I looked at the man.
What an expansive forehead! What an ex-
pressive eye! There is truth in physiog-
nomy, I exclaimed to myself. That fel-
low's brains are not made of green peas!

As he was fixing the boot, I thought of a
man born with capacities for intellectual
pleasures and improvement, "lofty, lordly,"
wasting his entire existence, pent up in a
small room knocking away with his ham-
mer, and bending from morning till night
over a lapstone and a piece of leather.

I took another look at the man, and while
the glorious sun was rolling in his golden
course, and all nature smiling in her gor-
geous and superb scenery, moving the
gaze, and filling the beholder with sublime
feelings. "Here," said I to myself, "is a
man perpetually straining his eye to peep
at a hog's bristle through a hole. What an
employment for a man capable, if properly
instructed, of measuring the distance to
Mercury! It is impossible that he can be
happy—he is out of his sphere." Just
then as he got to the third hole, I spoke to
him and said,

"Your room is very small; are you hap-
py here?"

He answered, with some energy, "hap-
py as the day is long, and would not ex-
change situations with the President. I do
not interfere with politics; but I know
all about them."

"But are you happy in your employ-
ment, confined all day in this small room?"

"Yes, certainly. The fact is half of the
world don't know how to be happy. I was
for a time humbugged about happiness;
but sitting on my bench, and reflecting se-
riously one day, I got the secret. I thought
to be happy you must be rich, and great,
have an inconveniently large house, and
more furniture by far than necessary, and
a table groaning with every thing. But I
soon found out all that was stuff. I am
happier here with my last and hammer,
than thousands with their fine houses and
splendid equipages, and have a great deal
of enjoyment in looking out of my little
cabin, and laughing at the follies of the
world. They don't see me, and it does
them no harm. Between you and me the
world are weary pursuing mere shadows;
one wants to be rich, another to get into
office—never satisfied; here am I, mending
old shoes, contented with my lot and situa-
tion, and happier by far than a king! In-
deed I am thankful that Heaven in its
wisdom never made me a king, for it is a
poor business."

By this time my boot was ready, and
wishing to prolong the conversation with a
man who displayed so much real practical
philosophy, I said:

"Have you no distressing cares to vex
you, no anxieties, no sleepless nights, no
bills to meet, no pangs for yesterday, no
fears for to-morrow?"

He stared at me a moment, and said,
"No, none. The only cares which I have
are comforts. I have a wife, the best in
the world, and two children, who are com-
forts for any man to enjoy. As to bills, I
have none to meet. I never buy on credit,
and never buy what I do not really
need. As to the fears of to-morrow, I have
no fears, but trust in a kind and over-
ruling Providence; believing that
sufficient to the day is the evil thereof, and
resignation to providence to be the truest
philosophy."

What a noble fellow, said I, to mend
a crack in a boot! Himself a noble piece of
workmanship! I felt inwardly the truth
of the saying, 'contentment is a kingdom,'
and after I left my philosophical cobbler, I
thought as much about him, and am satis-
fied that his philosophy was sound, and
that mankind in general have yet to learn
the secret to be happy. His situation in
life, is obscure, but

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
Contentment is a kingdom; would that
the whole human family realized this senti-
ment more fully, and practiced many of
the maxims of the cobbler—such as never
to buy what they do not need, and trust to
our Heavenly Father who has promised to
give us whatsoever we ask in his name.

A FIFTH AT WHIST.

We had been playing all the evening at
whist. Our stake had been gold mohur
points, and twenty on the rubber. Max-
ey, who is always lucky, had won five con-
secutive bumpers, which lent a self-satis-
fied smile to his countenance, and made
us, the losers, look anything but pleased,
when he suddenly changed countenance,
and hesitated to play; this the more sur-
prised us, since he was one who seldom
pondered, being so perfectly master of the
game that he deemed long consideration
superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you
about?" impatiently demanded Churchill
one of the most impetuous youths that ev-
er wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone
which thrilled through us, at the same
time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about
to start up, for he believed our friend had
suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet!" rejoin-
ed the other, in a tone denoting extreme
fear or pain, and he laid down his cards.

"If you value my life, move not."
"What can he mean?"—has he taken
leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill,
appealing to myself.

"Don't start, don't move, I tell you?"
in a sort of whisper I never can forget,
uttered Maxey. "If you make any sud-
den movement I'm a dead man."

We exchanged looks. He continued—
"Remain quiet, and all may be well.
I have a cobra capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our
chairs, but an appealing look from the vic-

tim induced us to remain, although we
were aware that should the reptile trans-
fer but one fold, and attach himself to any
other of the party, that individual might
already be counted as a dead man, so
fatal is the bite of that dreaded mon-
ster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old
residents still dress in India—namely, in
breeches and silk stockings; he, therefore,
the more plainly felt every movement of
the snake. His countenance assumed a
livid hue; the words seemed to leave his
mouth without that feature altering its
position—so rigid was his look, so fearful
was the slightest muscular move-
ment should alarm the serpent and hasten
his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his
own during the scene.

"He is coiling round," murmured
Maxey; I feel him cold—cold to my limb;
and now he tightens! For the love of
heaven call for some milk! I dare not
speak loud; let it be placed on the ground
near me, and let some be spilt on the
floor.

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and
a servant slipped noiselessly out of the
room.

"Don't stir—Northcote, you moved
your head. By every thing sacred, I con-
jure you not to do so again! It cannot be
long ere my fate is decided. I have a
wife and two children in Europe; tell them
I died blessing them—that my last pray-
ers were for them—the snake is winding
itself round my calf—I leave them all
I possess—I can almost fancy I feel his
breath Great God! to die in such a man-
ner!"

The milk was brought and carefully put
down; a few drops were sprinkled on the
floor and the afflicted servant drew back.

Again Maxey spoke.

"No, no, it has no effect! on the con-
trary he has clasped himself tighter—he
has uncoiled his upper fold! I dare not
look down, but I am sure he is about to
draw back and give me the bite of death
with more fatal precision. Receive me,
O Lord! and pardon me; my last hour is
come! Again he pauses. I die firm;
but this is past endurance; ha, no, he has
uncoiled another fold; and looses himself.
Can he be going to some one else?"

We involuntarily started.

"For the love of heaven stir not; I'm
a dead man; but bear with me. He still
loosens; he is about to dart! Move not,
but beware Churchill, he falls off that way.
Oh, this agony is too hard to bear. An-
other pressure, and I am dead. No; he
relaxes!"

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to
look down; the snake had uncoiled him-
self; the last coil had fallen, and the rep-
tile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!"—said Maxey and Maxey
bounded from his chair and fell senseless
into the arms of one of his servants.

In another instant, need it be added, we
were all dispersed; the snake was killed, and
our poor friend carried more dead than
alive to his room.

"That scene I can never forget; it dwells
in memory still, strengthened by the fate of
poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in
hopeless imbecility, and sank into an early
grave."

THE TRUE WIFE.—She is no true wife
who sustains not her husband in the day
of calamity, who is not, when the world's
great wrong makes the heart chill with an-
guish, his guardian angel, growing bright-
er and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd
along his path. Then is the time for trial
of her gentleness, then is the time for test-
ing whether the sweetness of her temper
beams only with a transient light, or like
the steady glow of the morning star,
shines as brightly under the clouds. Has
she then smiles just as charming? Does
she say, "Affliction cannot touch our love?"
Does she try to happy little inventions to
lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of
thought?

There are wives—nay, there are beings
who, when dark hours come, fall to repin-
ing and upbraiding—thus adding to out-
side anxiety the harrowing scenes of do-
mestic strife—as if all the blame in the
world would make one hair white or black,
or change the decree gone forth. Such
know not that our darkness is heaven's
light; our trials are but steps in a golden
ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend,
we may at last gain that eternal light, and
bathed forever in its fullness and beauty.

"Is that all?" and the gentle face of the
wife beamed with joy. Her husband had
been on the verge of distraction—all his
earthly possessions were gone, and he had
feared the result of her knowledge, she had
been so tenderly cared for all her life!

But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a
friend advised him to give not sleep to
his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until
he had unfolded to her all his hapless
case."

"And that was her answer, with the
smile of an angel—Is that all? I feared
by your sadness it was worse. Let these
beautiful things be taken—all this splen-
dor, let it go; I care not for it—I only
care for my husband's love and confidence.
You shall forget in my affection that you
were ever in prosperity—only still love me,
and I will aid you to bear these little re-
verses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! her a man must reverence,
aye and liken her to the very angels, for
such a woman is a living revelation of
Heaven.

Julius.—Sam, did you know I and massa
Wilson jined de no nuffins 'bout de same
time?

Sam.—No, Julius, I neber was knowin
to de facts.

Julius.—Yes, sir; know all 'bout his
goin to congress and how he play'd de
cards to git ther.

Sam.—What game did he play?

Julius.—Shoemaker 'low he waxed
both ends, kep de ace baek, took de tricks
and lew'd de party

THE OREGON PEAS.

A letter from the Commissioner of Pat-
ents, describing this new Pea, has been
published in the Richmond Enquirer,
from which we make an extract.

The Oregon Pea was brought a few
years ago from Oregon Territory. Whether
it was found wild there, or was obtained
from the Indians, I am not prepared to
say. I obtained from the State of Missis-
sippi, a year ago last Spring, about a tea-
spoonful of seed, from the product of which
I raised, last season, thirty bushels of
peas. Had it not been for the out-worm,
the ravages of which were very great, I
would have raised one hundred bushels.

The seed of this plant is very small, less
in size than that of the 'Lady, or Sugar
Pea,' and of a pale green color, with a
white hilum, or eye. It grows on a
bush from five to six feet high, with five
or six large branches near the ground;
and they, with the main stem, put out
other branches, until the stalks would
make a bunch as large round as a tobacco
hogshead, or near it. It grows more like
cotton than any thing else I know of, only
it is much larger, with branches not so
horizontal. After leaving the ground a
little, all these branches, with those which
put out at every joint, bear from four to
ten pods in a bunch, with about fifteen
peas in a pod, which as an article of food,
are superior to anything the kind I ever
eat.

The stalks and leaves, which are very
large and beautiful, make, perhaps, the
finest hay in the world—stock preferring
it to any other—and yield a greater abun-
dance. The hay and peas together are a
better and a far cheaper food than can be
raised from anything else in the United
States, for horses, mules, cattle, sheep,
and hogs. I believe I can raise more and
better food for my stock from an acre of
land, than I can from five of any other
crop. It will grow on land so poor that it
would produce little or nothing else; and
tolerably poor land is better for it, and
will produce more than rich land. This
may appear strange to some, but it is nev-
ertheless true. Rich land will produce
more stalks, but not so many peas. In
this respect it is like cotton. As an im-
prover of the soil, I consider it far super-
ior to clover,

1914

subdued, Town, A. T. W. Feb 20

